

# Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

## OCCUPATION

### —fighter

NAME? . . . Barrow, Joseph Louis.

Nationality? . . . American.

Age? . . . 27.

Occupation? . . . Fighter—that's why I'm here.

So, it is reported, the official questions were answered when Joe Louis, heavyweight boxing champion of the world, registered for service with the United States Army.

Occupation . . . Fighter.

The description is a tribute to the modesty of the man. For this Joe Louis is no ordinary trader of punches. He is a champion among champions.

He was only 23 when he won the title—a record for any holder. And he has yet to be deprived of it.

In five years he has earned £500,000 from boxing. He has a fortune tied up in real estate in Detroit and Chicago.

Joe Louis, unlike so many who have earned big money, should never know want.

Louis, when he quits, will quit for good, as a rich man. For he manages his private affairs with as much shrewdness as he puts into his work in the ring.

And yet this coffee-coloured boy with the golden punch became a boxer almost by accident.

His mother wanted him to be a violinist.

Joe himself had visions of being a baseball player.

True, he had a few fights—rather happy-go-lucky affairs—while working as a labourer in the Ford motor works at Detroit.

But it was not until he met John Roxborough that he really became set on scraping for a livelihood. Roxborough, a coloured university student, recognised the hall-mark of a champion even in those early fistic efforts of the young labourer.

He fired Louis's imagination with stories of the fight ring. He urged, encouraged, prompted, while Joe boxed his way into the top class.

Throughout his career Louis has had Roxborough as his manager. The pair have struck gold together. How much each owes to the other, only they can tell.

Louis is a knock-out specialist. It is said that he dislikes hurting opponents, which is why he sets out to end his fights quickly.

Only once has he been known to get really "mad" in the ring. Infuriated by the boastings of the Nazi, Max Schmeling, after Schmeling had knocked him out in their first fight, Louis saw red when they met in the second contest.

Inside three minutes he had whopped the swarthy German into insensibility. Schmeling had to spend the next few days in hospital—ruefully wondering what manner of blitzkrieg had descended on his Aryan personage.

It was the battering he took in those fateful three minutes with Louis that set the German on the downhill of his career. Never again was he the same arrogant storm-trooper of the boxing ring. Louis—and Roxborough—went on to fresh successes.

The soft-spoken boy who was born in a log cabin, of parents who once toiled in the Alabama cotton-fields, is now teaching others how to whip Germans in the more serious business of war.

Occupation, still . . . Fighter.

JOHN NELSON.

11

With  
AL  
MALE

# A DAY'S WORK IN THE GARDEN

DON'T tell me . . . I know perfectly well there are no gardens in submarines . . . or are there?

In any case, what I have to say on the matter might be useful when you chaps have a few days' leave, and want to vie with the boys who relate mysterious stories about magnificent marrows or garble of gigantic geraniums.

You see, I dedicated the whole of my day off, last week, to horticulture, with most amazing results . . . yes . . . MOST AMAZING.

Of course, I had a leisurely breakfast . . . creme-de-la-creme of a day off . . . during which my wife Ermintrude and I discussed the planning of the garden, carving the available area into geometrical shapes which would have hoodwinked even Euclid.

### 'Delayed' Action

Then Trudie (that's my pet name for her) suddenly remembered that her next-door neighbour Millie had a birthday, so Trudie immediately toddled off to Millie . . . toddled . . . and almost staggered back . . . brimful of new ideas which completely shattered our breakfast conference decisions to Hell.

All this, of course, took time, and I myself was feeling dryish, so, with a "I MUST get some cigarettes as I won't be going out any more," I hiked off for a Worthington (unshaved and flannel-bagged (see Ministry of Agriculture official disguises for pseudo Mr. Middletons), got into conversation with sailor pal with surprise three days' extension of leave,

and, more surprising (apparently), three years' thirst . . . Heard in the dim distance "Time, gentlemen, PLEASE," and rolled home.

Yes . . . you're right.

Lunch seemed remarkably heavy and unnecessary . . . armchair remarkably light and completely necessary, but in less than an hour (not much less) and with great determination I eventually heaved myself out and joined the procession gardeners.

### Action Stations

Now, where did we say the potatoes would go?

Ah—the bed at the bottom, of course. . . Right. . . I'll get a piece of wood exact size and shape to make the holes . . . simplify things, my dear. (I'm always extra brainy after Worthington. Advt.)

Carefully striding over mountains of manure and negotiating forests of rotting bushes, I made a perfect header into an elderberry bush, picked myself up feeling as though I had left an eye on one of the branches, just to give the beastly thing a start on the blossom business.

"That thing was always in the way," sympathised Trudie, so, of course, red-hot with good intention, I hied to the toolshed, found a saw, and wrought ruthless havoc with a zest which would have put a pioneer trail-blazer to shame.

Good . . . that's cleared. Now I can get on.

But was it . . . and did I?

### Deferred Action

Well, it might have been, and I might, but the sight of timber reminded Trudie that she was short of firewood, and, having a saw in my hand, I thought, "Well, I might just as well get rid of that" . . . You know how a chap feels!

So wood-sawing it was . . . followed by chopping of same into dainty pieces—no two alike (my wife IS different, or so she says I tried to convince her during courtship).

By this time, Trudie's mother, having had her usual nap, and seemingly feeling as dry as though she'd camped in the Sahara for a month on one day's water supply, calmly but firmly strode on to the lawn and asked, in no uncertain voice, "Aren't you having any tea, you two?"

Well . . . of course . . . I ask you.

And one can't sit at tea looking like a sewer rat, so Trudie dropped the fork—which she hadn't used—and dashed housewards.

### Careless Walk

Why do people leave garden forks with the prongs upwards?

Naturally, I was just as keen to ablate, so I stopped on it . . . the garden fork, of course . . . and just as naturally the darned thing came up and caught me a nasty crack on the head.

That put me in excellent humour.

I was speechless . . . and remained so throughout the meal—sort of swallowed by words as well, so to speak.

It was sixish by this time, and Ermine (that's what I call her when she gets me into a white heat, of course) strode determinedly gardenwards, shaking the foundations of the house so much that her mother said, "That was a near one . . . why didn't you tell me there was a warning?"

By the time I had convinced her that even Jerry wasn't obliging enough to hole the potato patch for me, Ermine had turned every colour of Goering's ribbons, and though I was out of earshot, I knew she was mumble-mumble (you know how one memorises oft-repeated phrases?), "If you want a man to do a job—do the blasted thing YOURSELF."

### Fatigues

All that I could do was collect the remainder of the potatoes, the unopened packets of lettuce (Tom Thumb), peas (Little Wonder), carrots (Early Dawn—I think that's it—at any rate, I thought it an annoying sort of reminder), spinach (Puritan), plus piece of rope for marking off, strips of thin wood, also for marking off, and pair of gardening gloves, left in disgust as Ermine made off.

So, naturally, I dived into the house, with Raleigh-like chivalry oozing out of every pore, raced for the black-out frames, did everything I could to create that "Darling, I will do anything you ask" atmosphere, and eventually took up my vigil outside the bathroom door.

Tried to hum "As time goes by" (from the super-spectacle, super-gorgeous, super-what-have-you film "Casablanca"—Advt.), and endeavoured to assist it as peacefully as possible.

### Relief Party

It was Jack Benny who came to my rescue . . . with one of his brilliant "cracks" . . . even that only drew out a most grudgingly given flicker of a smile . . . until finally someone sang "Ermintrude, I think you're gorgeous" (or something like that) . . . and, believe it or not, the famous Maclean smile gradually illuminated the room, to the disgust of the Electric Supply something-or-other.

Well, that was about all. Oh . . . there was a small detail.

Over bedtime Ovaltine (we are Ovaltines, you know), Trudie handed out this self-congratulatory remark: "Darling," she said, "aren't those potato tubers brittle? You know, I broke nearly all of them off when I pushed them into the earth."

### Pipe Down

I must have wasted my time at the Academy of Dramatic Art (well, not exactly, but you know what I mean). I still can't throw a "stage faint" . . . the hardest corner of the sideboard found the softest part of my head, with unerring accuracy.

Oh, I know darn well it's a patriotic economic gesture to go without a hat nowadays . . . so Mr. Dalton says.

But I'm much more concerned about the opinion of that smashing blonde bus companion . . . and I know for a fact she simply loathes bald-heads.

### HEARD THIS ONE?

The village policeman had been asked if he would help to prevent a little evacuated boy from swearing. So when he met the boy in the street he remarked, "I'm surprised to hear that a nice little fellow like you should use such wicked words."

"Who told you about it?" asked the boy.

"Ah," said the policeman, "a little bird told me."

The boy looked indignant.

"The tell-tales," he exclaimed, "and to think I give breadcrumbs to the little . . . every morning."

"I think it's one of ours."

"lets argue later I'm for a crash dive!"



## At the Sign of the 'Rose & Crown'

Here's to Pa NDS PeN Das? OciA L Hour, nhAr M les SmiRt Ha NDF Unle TFR IenDs HIPR EiGN Beju Stand Kin Dan DeviLs Pea kof NONE.

THAT is a puzzle on the wall of the "Rose and Crown" saloon bar at King's Langley. To read it correctly, the capitals should be ignored and the spacing corrected.

The inn is nearly three hundred years old, and is set in the heart of the famous village, with which numerous historical occurrences have been associated.

In the yard at the back are stables, previously used for coaches, and at the side is a

small turret, used at one time as a look-out post.

Fixed to the solid beams, which are the main construction, are black-and-white sketches of Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin. They were drawn by the oldest customer—he is nearly eighty.

There are many taverns in England bearing the sign of the "Rose and Crown," some maybe that you know, maybe with an even more interesting history than this one, but the name and the sign of each has the same origin, and goes back into history and the days when signs really had a meaning.

"The Rose Tavern" was the root of this particular inn name, and the rose itself, the



single emblem which was its sign, an emblem which had its origin in the Wars of the Roses.

It was in Tudor times that the double-barrelled name and sign came into use by the addition of the Royal emblem, and thus the "Rose and Crown" sign came to swing from its wrought iron bracket or from its stout oaken beam in many a town and village of our native land.

There are very few ancient inn-signs to be found in museums up and down the country, for the reason that these historic and picturesque devices are continually exposed to the ravages of wind and weather, and though a tavern may retain for centuries many of its interior relics and characteristics, the sign is replaced many times during the course of time.

That, of course, is a good thing for the craftsmen—the blacksmith who works so skillfully in wrought iron, and the painter who produces each interpretation of the sign—who jointly are responsible for keeping the signs swinging in the front of our inns.



The "Rose and Crown," King's Langley, Bucks, which bears the actual sign shown in the next column. There is a probable association between the Royal names of the village and the Inn.

## Periscope Page

## QUIZ for today

These Towns are the Capital of what State?

1. Montgomery — Alabama?
2. North Dakota? Virginia?
3. Frankfort — Kansas? Montana? Kentucky?
4. Jackson — Wyoming? Vermont? Mississippi?
5. Sacramento — Maine? California? Illinois?
6. Denver — Colorado? Iowa? Maryland?
7. Columbus — Oklahoma? Ohio? Texas?
8. Boston — New York? Florida? Massachusetts?
9. Dover — North Carolina? Kentucky? Delaware?
10. Nashville — Washington? Wisconsin? Tennessee?
11. Topeka — Michigan? New Jersey? Nevada? Kansas?
12. Atlanta — Rhode Island? Utah? Georgia?
13. Columbia — Columbia, D.C.? Idaho? South Carolina?

## Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

Answers.—1. Ponies. 2. Rabbits. 3. Foxes. 4. Monkeys. 5. Asses. 6. Hogs. 7. Wolves. 8. Cranes. 9. Pheasants. 10. Quails. 11. Bishops. 12. Bread. 13. Stars. 14. Dancers. 15. Lions. 16. Peacocks. 17. Bears.

## Answer to Multiplication Sum

$$567 \times 765 = 433,775$$

TAKE A TIP—  
IMPROVE YOUR SNOOKER

HOW do you break off at snooker? You hit the bunch of reds—yes, I know that. But if your opponent is anything of a player, your opening shot may lose you the game. The first stroke must always be a safety stroke, unless you are so much better than the other chap that you're giving him half the game start. Now, there are two safe ways of opening. The first is to spot the cue-ball near the yellow, aim at the outside red on the top row, play with fine or less, with cue-ball comes back off the top and side cushions, usually passing between the yellow and the brown. It may strike one of these colours. The pack of reds will not be disturbed much, and it is practically certain that there is nothing on for your opponent.

On the other hand, if he plays gently to the pyramid, there will be nothing on for you, either.

The other way of breaking, which I invariably use, gives greater safety, a better chance of a snooker, yet it splits the pack quite a lot. It is played this way: The cue-ball is spotted near the yellow, as before. The red selected is the outside red of the second row from the top. Contact is thicker, but not quite half-ball. Strong right-hand side is used, and the cue-ball comes off top and side cushions and crosses the table just above the blue, striking the opposite side cushion just above the baulk-line and settling behind the baulk colours. Try it—but mind the in-off!

**ANCIENT OR MODERN?**  
SLANG 100 YEARS AGO

Abbey-lubber.  
Old term of reproach for idleness.

Admiral of the Blue.  
Publican—used to wear blue overalls.

Admiral of the Red.  
Person whose racy countenance shows a fondness for the bottle.

Barkey.  
A sailor's favourite ship.

Dips.  
The purser's boy.

Dog's body.  
A kind of pease pudding.

Dominoes.  
Last lash of a flogging.

Drink (American).  
River.

Fanny Adams.  
Tinned mutton.

Flunkey.  
Ship's steward.

Galley stoker.  
A lazy skulker.

Globe rangers.  
Royal Marines.

Go-asores.  
A sailor's best dress.

Grog tub.  
Brandy bottle.

Hard horse.  
Tyrannical officer.

Hen frigate.  
A ship in which the captain's wife plays a domineering part.

In the wind.  
Intoxicated.

## NEMO of the NAUTILUS

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

"I WILL answer your question," replied Captain Nemo. "In the first place I must inform you that there exist, at the bottom of the sea, mines of zinc, iron, silver, and gold, the working of which would most certainly be practicable; but I am not indebted to any of these terrestrial metals. I was determined to seek from the sea alone the means of producing my electricity."

"From the sea?"

"Yes, professor, and I was at no loss to find these means. You know the composition of seawater? Chloride of sodium forms a notable proportion of it. Now this sodium, mixed with mercury, takes the place of zinc for the voltaic pile. The mercury is never exhausted; only the sodium is consumed, and the sea itself gives me that."

"I clearly understand, captain, the convenience of sodium in the circumstances in which you are placed. The sea contains it. Good. But you still have to make it, to extract it, in a word. And how do you do that? Your pile would

evidently serve the purpose of extracting it; but unless I am mistaken, the consumption of sodium necessitated by the electrical apparatus would exceed the quantity extracted. The consequence would be that you would consume more of it than you would produce."

"That is why I do not extract it by the pile, my dear professor. I employ nothing but the heat of coal."

"And are you able to work submarine coal-mines?"



"You shall see me so employed, M. Aronnax. I only ask you for a little patience; you have time to be patient here. Only remember I get everything from the ocean. It produces electricity, and electricity supplies the *Nautilus* with light—in a word, with life."

"But not with the air you breathe."

"I could produce the air necessary for my consumption, but I do not, because I go up to the surface of the water when I please. But though electricity does not furnish me with the air to breathe, it works the powerful pumps which store it up in special reservoirs, and which enable me to prolong at need, and as long as I like, my stay in the depths of the sea."

"Captain," I replied, "I can do nothing but admire. You have evidently discovered what mankind at large will, no doubt, one day discover, the veritable dynamic power of electricity."

"Whether they will discover it I do not know," replied Captain Nemo coldly. "However that may be, you now know the first application that I have made of this precious agent. Look now at this clock! It is an electric one, and goes with a regularity that defies the best of chronometers. Look! just now it is ten a.m."

"Exactly so."

"This dial hanging in front of us indicates the speed of the *Nautilus*. An electric wire puts it into communication with the screw. Look! just now we are going along at the moderate speed of fifteen miles an hour. But we have not finished yet, M. Aronnax," continued Captain Nemo, rising, "if you will follow me we will visit the stern of the *Nautilus*."

I followed Captain Nemo across the waist, and in the centre of the boat came to a sort of well that opened between two water-tight partitions. An iron ladder, fastened by an iron hook to the partition, led to the upper end. I asked the captain what it was for.

"It leads to the boat," answered he.

"What! have you a boat?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

JANE



"Certainly, an excellent one-light and unsinkable, that serves either for fishing or pleasure trips."

"Then when you wish to embark you are obliged to go up to the surface of the water."

"Not at all. The boat is fixed on the top of the *Nautilus* in a cavity made for it. It has a deck, is quite water-tight, and fastened by solid bolts. This ladder leads to a man-hole in the hull of the *Nautilus*, corresponding to a similar hole in the boat. It is by this double opening that I get to the boat. The one is shut by my men in the vessel, I shut the one on the boat by means of screw pressure, I undo the bolts, and the little boat darts up to the surface of the sea with prodigious rapidity. I then open the panel of the deck, carefully closed before, I mast it, hoist my sail, take my oars, and am off."

"But how do you return?"

"I do not return to it; it comes to me."

"At your order?"

"At my order. An electric wire connects us. I telegraph my orders."

"Really," I said, intoxicated by such marvels, "nothing can be more simple!"

After having passed the companion-ladder that led to the platform I saw a cabin about twelve feet long, in which Conseil and Ned Land were devouring their meal. Then a door opened upon a kitchen nine feet long, situated between the vast store-rooms of the vessel. There electricity, better than gas itself, performs about a hundred and twenty revolutions in a second."

"What speed do you obtain from it?"

"About fifty miles an hour."

"Captain Nemo," I replied, "I recognise the results, and do not seek to explain them. I saw the *Nautilus* worked in the presence of the *Abraham Lincoln*, and I



## Give it a name

Let's have the best title your crew can devise for this picture.

Ruhmkorff's they would not have been powerful enough. Bunsen's are fewer in number, but strong and large, which experience proves to be the best. The electricity produced passes to the back, where it works by electro-magnets of great size on a peculiar system of levers and cog-wheels that transmit the movement to the axle of the screw. This one, with a diameter of nineteen feet and a thread twenty-three feet, performs about a hundred and twenty revolutions in a second."

"Not at all, professor," answered the captain, after a slight hesitation.

"As you are never to leave this submarine boat, come into the saloon—it is our true study—and there you shall learn all you want to know about the *Nautilus*."

(Continued to-morrow)

## Follow the Brains Trust

Conducted by HOWARD THOMAS

"I AM proposing to marry, and in seeking a wife, what, in the opinion of the Brains Trust, are the characteristics, qualities or traits that I should look out for? And what are those that I should endeavour to avoid?"

This question was recently asked the B.B.C. Brains Trust—and here are their answers:

**Commander A. B. Campbell:** "I'm perfectly certain that every married man round the table will have to describe his own wife as nearly as possible, or we'll get into great trouble!"

I can't understand anybody writing and asking what type of woman he's got to look for to marry. Surely Nature works another way than that. I know I should never dream of saying, 'Well, now, can you cook and can you scrub?' If I liked a woman and her attributes seemed to work in with mine, I

should think that was quite sufficient. I can't understand that angle, quite."

**Miss Jennie Lee:** "I think that Commander Campbell ought to be careful or he'll be getting all sorts of proposals sent up to him. He certainly has got the right attitude. My advice to the young man is to remain a bachelor in the meantime. He's obviously not ready for marriage."

**Sir Eric MacLagan:** "I entirely agree with Miss Lee. I think if that is the way in which he's going to approach marriage, much the best advice is to keep clear of it."

**Sir William Beveridge:** "I would like to reinforce the advice to delay marriage, because you do so much better by a little suitable delay—such as I have indulged in myself. When I was much younger I used to try to define my future wife as

I would like her to be by saying that I would like her to be intelligent without being intellectual. That I would like her to be keen, without being earnest, and like her to be silent without being stupid. Well, I think if you put those the other way round, you'll see the wife you ought to avoid. One who is intelligent without being intelligent; one who is very earnest without being at all keen on anything; and, most of all, one who is stupid without being silent."

**William Mabane, M.P.:** "It would seem to me that this question is equally embarrassing to those who are married as to those who aren't. But, having listened to the others, it seems that the advice to our questioner is the famous advice of 'Punch' to those about to get married—Don't!"



## Beelzebub Jones

A TALE OF VIOLENCE, MAYHEM, &  
GENERAL SKULDUGGERY & . . . .

# MUSKEG MIKE

AT "PILE OF BONES",  
THE MOUNTIES' BIG  
TRAINING CENTRE,  
THE CHIEF MOUNTIE  
IS MIGHTY WORRIED.  
MUSKEG MIKE AND  
FIRCONE FERG ARE  
ON THE RAMPAGE  
AGAIN... AND THE  
R.C.M.P. IS WORRIED...

WE GOTTA CATCH  
THEM TWO HOMBRES  
EF'N IT'S THE  
LAST THING WE  
DO!

WHY-DADNAB  
IT! THEM TWO  
GAZOOKSTERS  
COMMITTED THE  
MOST HEINOUS CRIME  
IN SASKATCHEWAN!

## Belinda



## Popeye

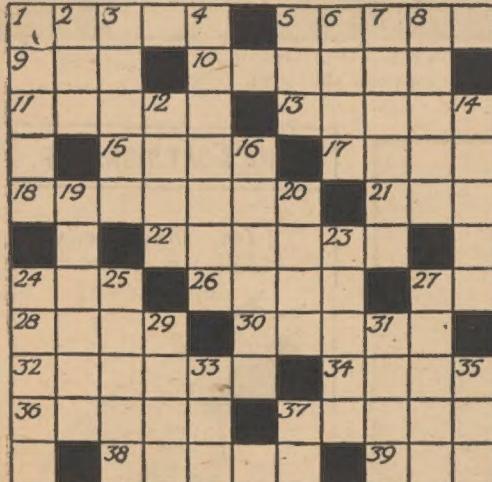


## Ruggles



## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Pie. 5 Slight mistake. 9 Afflict. 10 Form of frozen water. 11 Racial group. 13 Rows. 15 Barley for brewing. 17 South European. 18 Meagre. 21 Ocean. 22 Governing body. 24 Sing with closed lips. 26 Man of high rank. 27 Remains. 28 Boy's name. 30 Marsh plants. 32 Indicate. 34 Heel over. 36 Pass smoothly. 37 Absolute. 38 Fruit for pickles. 39 Animal enclosure. Solution to Yesterday's Problem.



CLUES DOWN.  
1 Footways. 2 Tune. 3 Oozy mud. 4 Gave in. 5 Began to burn. 6 Sour. 7 Be agreeable to. 8 Twilled fabric. 12 Prohibits. 14 Flies high. 16 Holding. 19 Glossy-leaved shrub. 20 Garden implement. 23 Saw points. 24 Fence of bushes. 25 Note of music. 27 Ait. 29 Musical addition. 31 Engraved stamps. 33 Number. 35 Attempt. 37 Equally.

SAPPER DAFT  
HULL ENABLE  
ABOUT VAIN  
MADGE VISTA  
D STRODE N  
PEG HOT DOT  
L ACETIC P  
UNBAR VALET  
RIBS MERINO  
ALLEGEE VEER  
LEES TRENDS

## HEARD THIS ONE?

"How is it that Jones isn't at work this morning?" asked the foreman.

"He met with an accident at his wedding yesterday," explained one of the workmen.

"Accident?"

"Yes. When he came out of the church he and his missus had to walk under an arch of crossed picks. Just then a whistle went, and his mates downed tools."

Chaplain: "Good morning Hardy. I haven't seen you on church parade for the last few Sundays."

Hardy: "No, sir, and you ain't likely to if I can help it." Chaplain: "Come, come, my man, you're losing your self-respect surely?"

Hardy: "No, sir, I ain't losing it, but last time I was there I distinctly heard you say 'There's no fool like the fool-hardy,' an' if that don't shake your self-respect, I dunno what does."

It was early morning, and the Captain was motoring home from the "night before" . . . it had been some party.

He was steering an uncertain course along the road when a milk cart turned the corner and a collision was narrowly averted.

The Captain eyed the milkman with dignity.

"Watsh big idea?" he asked sternly.

"What idea?" retorted the milkman.

"Driving an 'ntoxishcated horse," persisted the Captain.

# The ~~Street~~ of the Fleet

By AL MALE

YOU want it "back-stage," of course. . . . Right. . . Follow me. Here we are—a huge building in the "Street of Misadventure," marble-floored, uniform commission-aired, express-passenger-lifted, and all the usual fittings.

Fleet Street with a capital "F" . . . street of drama . . . mystery, sensation, big news, scoops and headlines.

Bearded, begoggled newshounds plumb-ing the depths in search of breakfast-time eyebrow-raisers . . . conferences in palatial board-rooms . . . nation-shattering discussions . . . character-shattering exposures . . . Peace and War decisions tossed around like discarded loser Tote tickets.

Shirt-sleeved, eye-shaded, non-stop-tea-drinking editors . . . assistant editors . . . day editors, night editors . . . assistant day editors . . . assistant night editors . . . picture editors . . . assistant picture editors . . . sub-editors . . . layout editors . . . boys . . . BOYS—millions of 'em.

Telephones screaming, "Yes . . . New York" "Hello, Manchester" "Speak up, Edinburgh" "Get off the — line, Wyoming" "NO, we don't want it" "Yes . . . by Hell, we must have it" "Get a picture at ALL costs" "Who the Hell said we wanted a picture?" "Boy—get more tea" "Boy, get this" "Boy, get that" "Boy, where the Hell have you been?" "Boy, why don't you stick around?" "Send this up" "Bring that down" . . . "Who said you could be in two places at once?" "Well, for pity's sake be in ONE place—and make it OUTSIDE . . . you're fired!"

Whirling machinery . . . miles and miles of paper . . . five-mile rolls of it . . . going in like giant toilet-rolls . . . belched out as neatly folded-umpteenth-page-umpteenth-edition-umpteenth-million-circulation-National daily. Bundled . . . fumbled . . . trundled . . . Slid on a slipway to engine-roaring-super-streamlined racing cars.

Radio, flash . . . "Press cars on way." Police clear all traffic . . . racing drivers clear all pedestrians . . . ignore all lights . . . also ignore all corners.

Special train waits with steam up . . . special guard for same waits with wind-up. . . . Doors of special van flung open . . . Cars halt on front wheels, half-somersault, and hurl precious load into special van.

Engine driver waits with hand on throttle and eye on station-master . . . doors bang to . . . station-master counts three . . . fires starting-gun . . . engine driver withdraws eye from station-master and hand from throttle . . . super-powered Fleet Street Flyer leaps from Euston-Kings Cross-Waterloo-St. Pancras-Paddington-and what have you?

Yes . . . what the heck HAVE you? Well—you SHOULD have this masterpiece of journalism on your breakfast-table . . . you should have . . . always providing, of course, that "junior" doesn't hysterically insist on having his pre-Post-Toastie-perusal of Popeye.

Then there's the Tape Room boy (no connection with the worm of that ilk). Which reminds me . . . There was once a T.R.B. (short for tape room boy) who, in a moment of sheer desperation, actually tore the news stuff off the machine and delivered it to the copy-taster next to him, in the SAME DAY. spite of protesting that he was "fired w/ ambition," the speed merchant was fired by his union.

The Picture Editor . . . sends camera-men on impossible assignments. When they return with the goods, says, "We've changed the whole lay-out since you went out . . . did you know?"

Has been known to say, "Sorry, old man." On that memorable occasion, camera-man went to have his ears tested . . . found he was O.K. for sound . . . but discovered that picture editor had trodden on his own face and actually forced the words out of his own mouth.

Then there are the Engravers, who positively revel in a jolly old carve-up, and spend all day cutting lumps of nothing out of invisible blocks, and putting it back when the Censor isn't looking.

There's the Etching Department, who etch . . . as you would expect.

The Art Department, who sketch . . . as you wouldn't expect.

The Circulation Department, who run around in circles and love to stop and start special trains and throw bundles of newspapers out on the platforms of remote railway stations, where even the locals can't find them—the platforms, NOT the papers.

Oh, there are lots and lots of other special departments, and lots and lots of jolly old chappies knocking around. . . . If you'd like to hear about them I'll tell you some time. . . . After all, "it's the little things that count," as the proprietress of the maternity home was overheard to remark.

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



"Looks as if I've had a good day!"



"Cor, stone the dates! I should think he has—Look what he's left for me!"

## CANADA CALLS

And it ain't the "Call of the wild," either. Believe it or not, boys . . . she's got golden hair and blue eyes AS WELL. She hails from Ontario, and she wouldn't have to hail long if we were around—and the wife wasn't looking!



The "Salt of the earth" . . . the kind of folk who are a tonic even to look at. They betoken the simplicity and solidarity of the English countryside. For a hundred and fifty years between them, they've worked the land, lived on it . . . and loved it. There's a warmth in their smile which is infectious.

## NAME OF WOOD B. WALKER

Looks like a lamb - bath walker, too. He appears to know his way; but for the life of us we can't see how the heck his legs are going same place as his arms.



## SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Yes, they really HAVE a smooth complexion!"

